



8

VIVA LA REVOLUCIÓN? ~~F~~UCK THE REVOLUTION!



To the Coder of the Craft and the Crafter of the Code,
To the Ruler of the Dodgy and the Dodger of the Rules.

The law worketh wrath: for where no law is,
there is no transgression.²²²

Romans

A state? What is that? ... It is a lie! ... whatever it sayeth it lieth;
and whatever it hath it hath stolen ... “it is I who am the regulating
finger of God” - thus roareth the monster ... The state, ... where the
slow suicide of all - is called “life”. Just see these superfluous ones!
They steal the works of the inventors and the treasures of the wise
... and everything becometh sickness and trouble unto them! ...
Sick are they always: they vomit their bile and call it a newspaper.
... badly they all smell to me, these idolaters. My brethren, will ye
suffocate in the fumes of their maws and appetites! Better break
the windows and jump into the open air!²²³

Friedrich Nietzsche

In a Manchester club in 1997, two plain-clothes coppers waited for my
girlfriend to pass me a joint, and then arrested me. She had pockets full of
all sorts, mine contained a tiny bag of ganja. I sat in lotus in the police van
and invoked Mercury, god of law-breakers, and took him down the station.

The police had a good giggle at the magick sigils I had painted on my arms, and they mocked me as is their custom: “You a student, are yer? Whatcha studyin’, eh, witchcraft izzit?” They chuckled when they noticed they had arrested an occultist in the early hours of Friday 13th, and laughed heartily when I asked if I could hang on to my lucky necklace. They took it anyway, but when it went into bag number 666, their smirks faded and it was WE who were laughing, and WE who were mocking. Mercury and ecstasy make for a cheeky mix. We spent our time between manic interviews demanding things and intoning mantras, and by the time our prints were taken, the officer who had to touch our diabolical fingers had brought his crucifix out from under his shirt.

The police let me go uncharged and I let them go unhexed. We are all born into this system, this illusion that compromise is freedom. We grow up blinkered so we don’t notice the chains, and before we know it we are too fat to escape them.

I am subject to the laws of the land, but I never signed the social contract, and what are borders but lines drawn in blood? Our state is apparently democratic, but does that limit its behaviour? European democracies fought the Second Gulf War on a shaky pretext, without the clear support of their citizens, and there is no consensus that the world is any better off as a result of the 100,000 deaths (mostly women and children) caused directly by the attacks.²²⁴ Democracies practised apartheid. Democracies upheld sexist laws until a gang of brick-throwing arsonists overthrew what was considered the natural order. The Suffragettes succeeded where fifty years of peaceful democratic protest had failed, and today Emmeline Pankhurst’s statue stands by the Houses of Parliament. Sadly, the state is more skilled today at dealing with rioters without meeting their demands.

What about this democracy? It was invented in 594BC, when a peasant protest against the original Draconian law threatened to turn into a civil war. Solon of Athens introduced a legal system applying not just to plebs but to nobles as well, along with graded taxes and public elections. Solon noted that the new laws were not the best laws, but the best laws people would accept. There are no best laws. There is no foolproof political philosophy. There are just too many fools, so law is always a compromise.

Solon made another great contribution to western culture. The father of democracy was also the father of the Greek pederastic tradition. Strange as it may seem, Plato, Heraclites, Diogenes and most other Greek sages would take on a teenage lad to educate, and between lectures he would snuggle up behind him and knob him between the thighs. Philosophers wrote love poetry to their toy-boys, and Plato described how culture, true spirituality, peace, and love for humanity begin with the love of a beautiful young man.²²⁵

The reverend is too much of a cultural relativist to impose his robust heterosexuality upon long dead philosophers, and besides, many ancient civilisations practised pederasty, and there are modern anarchists who take a lively interest in it. "Democracy is cancerous, and bureaus are its cancer," as one of their number noted.²²⁶ The point is that democracy, which we think of as an enlightened system geared towards our needs, comes from a cultural milieu utterly alien to us, and from a philosopher who would be lynched if he practised his philosophy in modern Britain. We owe a great deal to these pederasts, but remember that their philosophy goes hand in hairy hand with the idealisation of men. The culture was seriously paternalistic, as it was in Confucian China, where both pederasts and eunuchs became influential courtiers. In ancient Greece, women did not come between men discussing philosophy and matters of the republic, and nor did they vote. History has been the story of great men ever since, with women barely mentioned until very recently. Our culture inherited an excess of order, and the republic developed some very weird power relations, where the buggers at the top teach their charges to take it lying down like everyone else, and that they are privileged to be part of the ideal system. Paternalistic, pederastic democracy has been cultivating bureaus and writing laws for two and a half thousand years, but has it resulted in freedom or happiness? Can you feel the warm scratch of a Greek beard on your neck?

More British young people vote on the X-Factor talent show on TV than in general elections, and who can blame them?²²⁷ People we never meet and probably wouldn't like regulate our behaviour, and use our tax money to act against our wishes. Why should an acid-head pay the state to harass their dealer? Why should a pacifist fund Dick Cheney and Dick Turpin and a bunch of other dicks to wave pistols around, demanding your money or your life? Henry David Thoreau was no dick. He wrote *Civil Disobedience* whilst in prison for tax evasion, arguing that if one in ten men obeyed their moral obligation and refused to bankroll slavery with tax money, the state would either collapse under the weight of internees or change its policy. The state was forced to abandon slavery, and Thoreau's ideas filtered down to Gandhi, who hopped in and out of prison good-naturedly until the fall of the Raj.

Lawmakers, like the priests of Scientism, set the rules of the game to favour interested parties, but the illusion of impotence collapses if enough people push together. So what keeps us in line? The third part of the unholy trinity is the media. News networks massage opinion by hiding certain events and highlighting others, as demonstrated by Chomsky, who compared news reports of two atrocities. In the mid-seventies, the Indonesian army massacred a third of the East Timorese population, and the Khmer Rouge murdered comparable millions of Cambodians. From 1975-1979, *The New York Times* devoted 1175 column inches to the crimes of Pol Pot's

communists, but only seventy inches to those of America's capitalist allies in Indonesia.²²⁸ Chomsky does not suggest a conspiracy. He argues that mass-media institutions, like all businesses, are more profitable if they sell what consumers are accustomed to.



Karl Popper had something to say about conspiracy theory. One of his many speculations was that uncertainty has always been too much for us to cope with. When we finally awoke from the delusion that supernatural agents were controlling our lives, we conjured up secret government agents to replace them. Here a rationalist, with intellectual authority won by plagiarising a mystic,* argues what he imagines to be true using the assumptions of his age, whilst ignoring evidence to the contrary. Popper's hypothesis was already falsified, to use his own term, in Roman times (*"et tu Bruté?"*), and again during his own lifetime with Watergate.

"I know you believe you understand what you think I said, but I am not sure you realize that what you heard is not what I meant," said Tricky Dickie. Does it matter what a politician says? A large proportion of voters believed that the USSR was part of NATO during his presidency,²²⁹ and a recent poll reveals that the average American thinks that his country spends twenty-four percent of the GNP on foreign aid, which is well over twenty-four times more than it does.²³⁰

Nixon was forced to resign, eventually, but the government didn't collapse, it just morphed a little. This monster has a life of its own, with laws for claws and bureaus for brains, and neither citizens nor the establishment can control it. It runs amok through the loveless spaces between us, in a society where few know their neighbours, nor care for the concerns of other classes. Sometimes we notice that something stinks, and scrape away a Nixon-shaped ulcer, but it soon grows back, and the monster lurches on.†

There **are** conspiracies afoot, but they are small. They are not coordinated by evil agents, nor by reptilians or the Illuminati, but by a kind of group thought-form born from the chaos of individual greed. There is disinformation, of course, but far more sinister is piss-information. Media networks direct millions of brains towards some Hollywood tart's outrageous dress, or to stories about how someone stabbed a lawyer, or a celebrity divorce. Who cares? This is not news; there is nothing **new** about it. We already know about stabbings and plunging necklines. It is chewing gum for

* See page 21

† Frankenstein's monster was written by the daughter of the founder of political anarchism.



the brain, occupying space and time whilst providing nothing nutritious. TV sound-bytes are too short to convey any news that is actually new, any idea with which the viewer is not already familiar. It may be good for relaxation, but can this offal produce well-rounded thoughts?

What good is democracy when our imaginations are stunted? For everyone who turns off the box and opens his eyes, there are thousands plugged in to a constant drip of soporific nothings, and all votes carry the same weight. We call this dream freedom - freedom of information, freedom of media, free elections. If we woke up and exercised our freedom, we would tear down the flimsy cage of stupidity and cynicism around us, but we are dozing. In our dream, the sky will fall in on us without the tower over our heads, so we hand over more and more responsibility to politicians who restrict rather than protect freedoms, to medics who milk rather than maintain our bodies, and we sink deeper into the nightmare of impotence. We sleepwalk, obeying protocols, mindlessly acting out programs, like the Tokyo commuters caught in the Aum Shinrikyo poison gas attacks, who emerged from the metro with streaming eyes and burning lungs and crawled to their workplaces on their hands and knees.²³¹

Conflicts around us reflect the confusion in our heads. Collective desire forms a vacuum, and a human is sucked into the role of leader. We love to dominate and be dominated, so we have institutionalised title and installed lords to rule us, and we delight in sordid reports of how they fail to meet the standards we impose upon them. Our sexual desires conjure up pornstar genies with frantic rubbing; our angst generates serial killers, and our suicidal urges blossom into belligerent politicians and doomsday weapons. Our insecurities about ourselves create healthcare we have almost no say in, and our unwillingness to govern ourselves perpetuates the government.

Many pawns with fire in their loins lose patience with the king sooner or later, but shouting at policemen, vandalising McDonalds and disrupting the Archbishop's speeches is not satisfying for long. Periodic ejaculations

of anger grow tiresome, and the rebel either gives up or becomes organised into factions to march with likeminded people, but whose mind is it? He must tow the revolutionary line, otherwise he is the fracture in the front, the weak link in the chain. He must affirm the manifesto, cheer speeches about twinning Jenin with Tower Hamlets, and overlook the lawless grammar of leftist pamphlets. This can become a form of slavery as thorough as thoughtless obedience. Real freedom is when you can either obey or disobey, without compulsion.

Besides, when did a revolution ever succeed? Despite its high ideals, revolutionary spirit is no match for the ambitions of the Napoleons and Stalins which fill the power vacuum. For even our most beloved T-shirt heroes, uprisings sometimes seem little more than theatres to live out their fantasies:

Crazy with fury I will stain my rifle red while slaughtering any enemy that falls in my hands! My nostrils dilate while savoring the acrid odor of gunpowder and blood. With the deaths of my enemies I prepare my being for the sacred fight and join the triumphant proletariat with a bestial howl!²³²

The author of this quote was Che Guevara, and he lived his dream. When Castro gave him a government post, he used it to execute thousands, before abandoning Cuba to stir up revolution in the Congo.²³³ The problem goes deeper than politics. It is not the particular party in power which binds us, but our habit of devolving power over ourselves, and our love of lording over others. You can't fix the situation by executing leaders, just as you can't free caged chickens by removing their heads. All you get is a lot of blood spilt and running around in circles.

Less rabid revolutionaries might heed Foucault's words: "one must put 'in play', show up, transform, and reverse the systems which quietly order us about".²³⁴ Subversion begins in the home. Tiptoeing down familiar corridors, strangling the wind out of dozing opinions, slipping serrated doubts into gaps in armour, a subversive artist works with stealth and subtlety.

What **is** truly revolutionary is self-mastery. Gandhi opposed oppression wherever he found it, even in the treatment of women and outcasts in his own beloved Hindu culture. He opposed the British because of his sense of dignity, not ambition. His weapons were personal fasts and peaceful civil disobedience, and his victory was absolute.

I once attended a lecture given by the Dalai Lama, despite being sceptical of finding anything special in a guru with a title. He was an exceptionally fidgety man, fiddling with his spectacles and his beads, moving things around the desk as he grinned and laughed and waved at monks in the audience. At one point, whilst the interpreter was translating, he took a maroon handkerchief from his maroon robe, raised it to his nose, and did

the unthinkable in front of several thousand Japanese. In Japan, people leave the room to blow their noses, it is something akin to farting in public, but His Holiness Tenzin Gyatso gave his nose an unholy trumpet, first one side and then the other. Keeping snot in a handkerchief is even worse according to Japanese sensibilities, but the fourteenth incarnation of the Bodhisattva of Compassion returned it to his robe, although not before opening it up and meditating briefly upon its contents.

This was clearly an act of subversive genius. He interrupted the train of thought of everyone there, forcing a rethink on the nature of convention, and therefore the nature of conventional reality. My ex-wife thought it was adorable, and she giggled like a little girl. She was a student of Tibetan language and religion, but like most Japanese women, the thing that made her tick was cuteness, and that is what she saw. The subversive in me saw subversion.

A sage is a perfect mirror. He touches each individual individually, and teaches with every step, with every breath, every action and every excretion. It was probably not a conscious decision to attack Japanese mores, nor to charm Japanese women. It was a fully conscious man doing nothing more than being himself.

Comrades, let us be radically ourselves. Let us be radically honest and nothing more, because a dark shadow is falling over us. The tower teeters as a monster stomps through its corridors. Tension is rising as imbalance accumulates. It looks like the whole rotten structure is ready to collapse with a gust of wind, and wind speeds are increasing. New Orleans descended into anarchy immediately after Hurricane Katrina, when the boundaries keeping the poor poor were swept away. If the law breaks down on a national or international level, with a world war, a pandemic or a zombie jamboree, it'll be so long to Solon and his band of merry buggers. Anarchy is only three meals away, and this not the books and bongs anarchy of the Ministry of Nem but the bricks and bombs anarchy polemical politicians keep harping on about.

Chaos crystallises into order, but restriction is sin. An organic pulse beats beneath the bricks, and the great tower is swaying; prepare to dive for cover. And when the noise passes and the dust settles, the imaginatively defiant will emerge from their autonomous zones and walk upright through the ruins, through the gore of the monster and the teeth of his slaves, to watch a new order arising organically from of the rubble.

A single spark can start a prairie fire, as Chairman Mao was fond of saying. But a brighter spark lights a lantern.

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